

WES

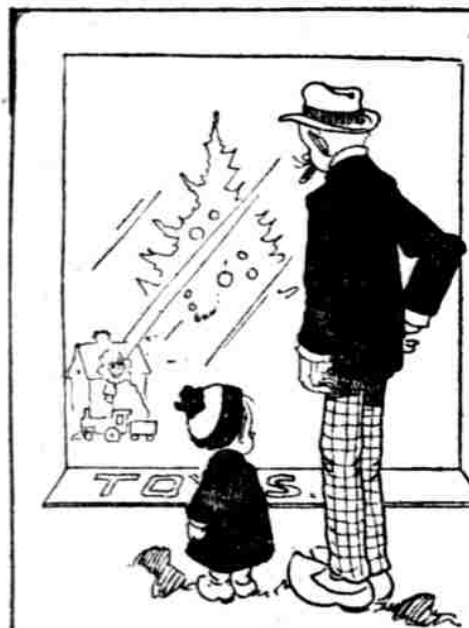
A WORTH WHILE SERIAL STORY "ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND," BY VARICK VANARDY

HOME

"S'MATTER POP," A REALLY COMIC SERIES
A LAUGH FOR YOU AND THE CHILDREN

PAGES

S'MATTER POP?



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Alias The Night Wind A Thrilling Story

By VARICK VANARDY.
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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Bingham Harvard, a young bank-teller, is wrongly accused of the theft of a vast sum from the institution that employs him, and through the persecution of a police official named Ruston, is forced to disappear from his friends. Harvard is a man of tremendous strength. Again and again policemen who attempt his arrest are sent reeling with broken bones. Every officer in New York knows the fugitive's countenance, and time after time he is cornered, but always makes his escape. He becomes known to the police, because of his amazing speed and the silence with which he moves, as the Night Wind. Miss Katharine Maxwell, a clever woman detective and a lady of high social standing, is assigned to the case by the Chief of Detectives, and it is understood that she is to conduct her investigation in her own manner. Lady Kate, as she is known, disappears from her usual haunts, and suddenly she meets the Night Wind. Instantly she perceives a feeling of sympathy for this hunted young man. The Night Wind is able to render her a favor, and upon being questioned by the Chief, Miss Maxwell reveals most of her newly-acquired knowledge of the baffling character whom the police are pursuing.

CHAPTER XV.

BINGHAM HARVARD crossed the park to the west side and made his way swiftly to that house where, not so very long ago, although the time now seemed long, he had protected his friend, Tom Clancy, from the footpads.

Light gleamed from the windows of the second floor, and knowing that room to be the private library and lounging place of his friend, Harvard ran up the steps and pressed the button of the electric bell.

At the same time he put two fingers to his lips and gave utterance to the same shrill whistle which had been their favorite signal to each other in the good old days of college, when they were inseparable companions and chums.

Within two minutes the door was thrown open, and Clancy, clad in pajamas and slippers, appeared at the threshold.

"Bing, old chap!" he cried out, with instant recognition, and the two clasped hands.

"Thank heaven you have come to see me," Clancy went on, with enthusiasm. "Come inside. We'll have a jolly old chin together. I'd rather see you than have cleaned up a million down town."

"I'm glad to see you again, too, Tom," Harvard replied, heartily, and he stepped inside the vestibule, behind that half of the outer door which was closed.

"Not I can't go inside. It isn't do. I shall remain out only a minute or two."

"Now, look here, Bing—compromise. I didn't come here to know that you cannot hobnob with me and not get yourself into trouble with the police. Your experience tonight ought to have taught you of that much."

"Rats! A lot I care for that bunch!" All the same, old man, the police of New York city is not a good proposition to be up against. If they can't get you one way they will another. There, now! Don't say another word."

"Then what in thunder did you come here at all for?" Clancy demanded.

"To see you. To thank you for what happened tonight at Chester's house—for I think I have guessed rather clearly what did happen there. You believe in my innocence, don't you?"

"Say, Bing!" Clancy interrupted him. "If you don't step inside the hallway, so I can close the door, I swear I'll bang it in your face!"

Harvard shrugged his wide shoulders, smiled and stepped inside the hall. Clancy closed the door. Then he turned about and began to stare at the man who had been talking to him.

"Come up to my room," he said. "We can talk it over there. You've got to come."

"I ought not to, Tom. Wait a moment, until I tell you something."

"Clancy paused and turned. 'Well,' he said, interrogatively. 'I really ought not to remain in your house a moment longer than is absolutely necessary.' Harvard replied, 'I'll tell you why.'"

"Go ahead, then. It's a fool reason. I know that much before you begin. But I will hear it."

"You may have wondered how it happens that I knew of your presence at Chester's tonight."

"I have long since ceased to wonder about things that concern you, Bing. It is no secret. What's the rest of it?"

"I was there, outside the house, when you went in. I had determined to have an interview with Chester myself, tonight. I hesitated after you entered the house, and I am glad I did so, because not long afterward I saw the inspector who had charge of the detective bureau downtown also go into the house."

"Correct. But what of it?"

"I decided not to go in at all then. But I waited. There was a shadow of the inspector. They talked together for a minute before the inspector went inside. I thought of the things then. A little later I knew I did."

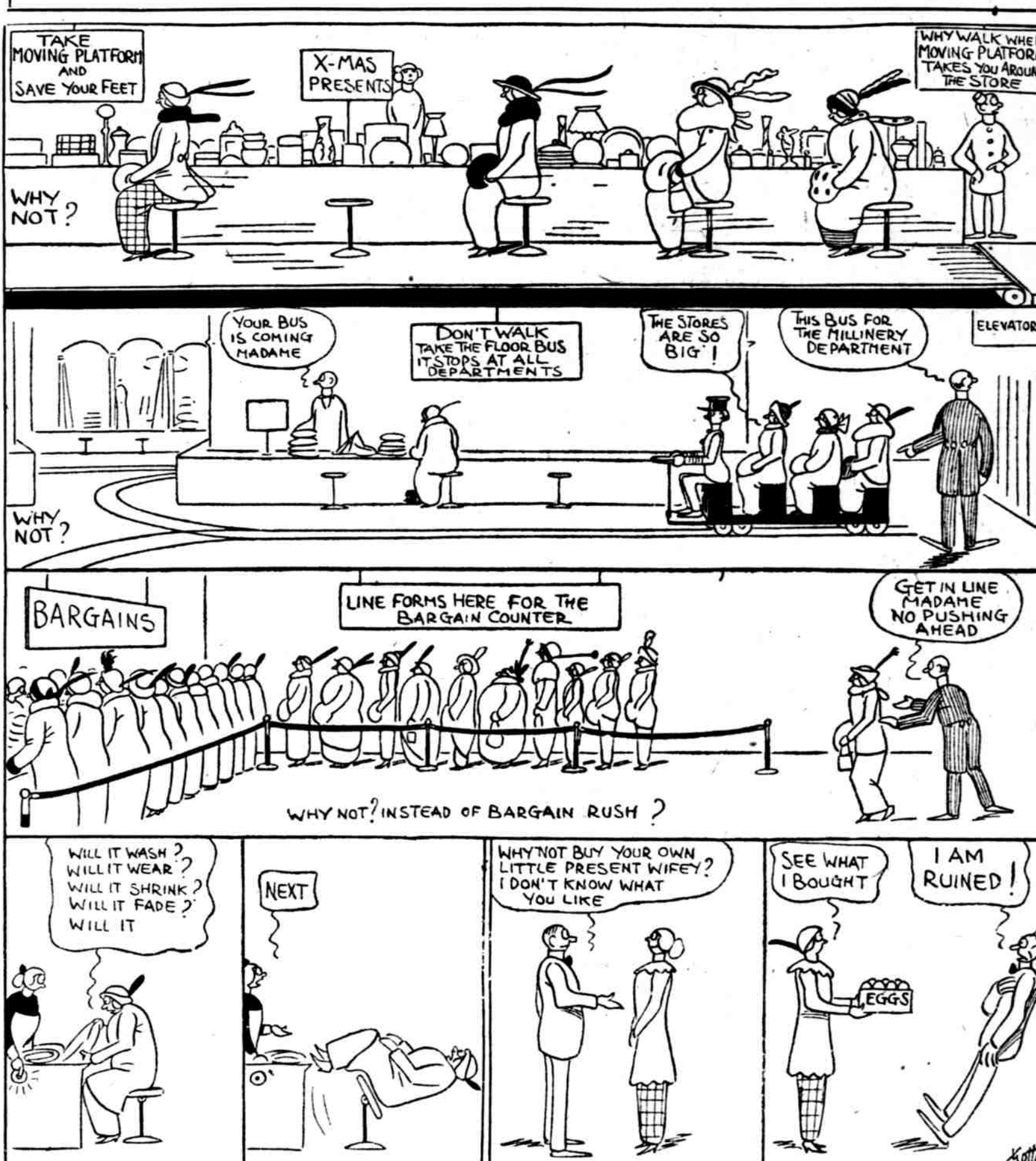
"Say, what are you trying to get at?"

"You see, Bing, I was there when you are, or else I will go away now, without completing what I came to say."

"Harvard said with a decision. 'Well, have it your own way. Bing. You always did. Clancy swung his head over the balcony railing. 'You came out of the house first. That second man, whom you have called the shadow, started to follow you. And he would have done it, had he been standing outside your door right now, waiting and watching. If I had not let him see who and what I

WHY NOT?

By MAURICE KETTEN



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Some Anecdotes of Old-Time Actors

By EDW. LEROY RICE.

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Billy Emerson and the Big Sunflower.
O the present generation, who never saw Billy Emerson, it is well high impossible to describe him, his superb voice, his artistic dancing, and his wonderful personality.

To think of Emerson is naturally to start and hum "The Big Sunflower." Remember it?

There is a charm I can't explain About a girl I've seen. My heart beats fast as she goes past In a dark dress trimmed with green. Her eyes are bright as stars at night. So loving and so shy. And the folks all stop and look around Whenever she goes by.

CHORUS.
And I feel just as happy as a big sunflower That nods and bends in the breeze. And my heart is as light As the wind that blows The leaves from off the trees.

As time passed on and we became Like friends of olden time, I thought the question "would pop" And ask her to be mine; But the answer I received next day— How could she treat me so? Instead of being mine for life, She simply answered "No."

CHORUS—And I feel, etc.
I called next day dressed in my best. The fair one for to see. To ask her if she would explain Why she had shaken me. She said she really felt quite sad To cause me such distress; But when I asked her to be mine, Of course she answered "Yes."

CHORUS—And I feel, etc.
"Squelching Shakespeare." Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, who, about thirty-odd years ago, erected the beautiful theater that bore his name in Denver, and which at that time was the handsomest playhouse in the West, some time later built another opera house in Leadville, which it was his intention to make the event of the super, that the one in the capital city.

It is related that Mr. Tabor, one day entering the edifice, observed the artist doing some fresco work. The following conversation ensued:

"Who is that you're painting?" "Shakespeare," the artist replied. "Who is he?" "The Merchant of Venice," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello."

"Is that all?" "Oh, no; he wrote lots more; and besides he was an actor." "Ever do anything for Leadville?" "No—I-I think not." "Then paint him out and put me in."

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A little visit to Muth's will greatly simplify the matter of selecting gifts. Art goods are always in taste, and always appreciated.

For your artistically inclined child or friend there is every sort of artists' material at every price.

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Sets of Drawing Instruments \$1.75 UP
A display of odd and artistic Brass Candlesticks.

Geo. F. Muth & Co.
Formerly Ryneal's
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LOCAL MENTION.
Light Your Residence By Electricity. Electric Webster, 717 9th.

"Silas Marner." Today, Virginia Theater. Played by the Edison Company.

"The Trial and Impachment of Gov. William Sulzer." Today, Virginia Theater. A great recital.

Then It's Not "Punch."
PRINCETON, Dec. 6.—The Princeton senior class has climbed on the water tower. No beer will be served at the class dinner next week. Older and a "kickless" punch will be substituted.

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Tickets, 50c to \$2. Now Selling at
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